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Vol. II

No. 3

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# LEHIGH REVIEW

## MARKS

BY R. MAX GOEPP, JR.

## THE ACTIVITIES FEE

BY MARVIN SIDNEY

## THE ACTIVITIES FEE

BY T. L. GUNTORPE

## D'ANNUNZIO'S THEORIES

A PRIZE ESSAY

BY M. ONDECK

## JOY-RIDING WITH ANATOLE

BY PROF. C. S. FOX

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VOL. II

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Published Quarterly by the Students of Lehigh University  
SUBSCRIPTION:—Two Dollars per Annum — 50c per Copy

# CONTENTS

	Page
Marks ..... BY R. MAX GOEPP, JR.	7
An Answer to M. S. .... BY A. A. SWALLOW	12
Through the Editor's Eyes .....	14
The Activities Fee ..... BY MARVIN SIDNEY	16
The Activities Fee ..... BY T. L. GUNTHORPE	20
Literary Lapses .....	23
D'Annunzio's Theories of Love and Beauty ..... A PRIZE ESSAY BY M. ONDECK	27
Plays in Review .....	30
Joy Riding With Anatole ..... BY PROF. C. S. FOX	33
Science and Technology .....	35
Horace Modernized ..... VERSE BY W. L. GOUDY	40
On the Decline of Romance ..... BY QUESTOR	41



# The Lehigh Review



## MARKS

BY. R. MAX GOEPP, JR.

“MARKS,” announced the professor loftily, “mean nothing. They are merely a conventional system of symbols, prepared to satisfy the demands of students and the parents of students, and as such have no real place in pedagogy, much less in true education, which, as I have pointed out before, is.....” And so it goes, the old familiar tale. The professor is absolutely right, marks do mean very little, if anything, as we shall endeavor to show, but—

It is upon these “conventional symbols” that the whole system of scholastic honors is based, from the ideal attainments rewarded by medals and diplomas, to the more solid and practical, although perhaps less showy, remunerations of scholarships and fellowships. Yet, marks are the *bete noir* of student life, an ever-present, dark cloud on the horizon, which periodically assumes hurricane proportions, and invariably sweeps many luckless individuals from snug academic retreats into the ruder world without. Is it not surprising then, that even student suicides have occasionally been ascribed to their baneful influence.

Not only on the campus, but outside, even with the home, circle is their influence felt. There are two main

points of contact between students and parents, namely, checks and grades, and the size of the former quite often depends upon the quality of the latter. Thus marks strike at the very roots of the family, and invade the sacred relationships of parents and offspring. And, for the individual, the inferiority complex produced by consistently low grades received in adolescent education may cast a blighting shadow over his whole subsequent career.

We see, therefore, that marks are not to be dismissed offhand as the excess baggage of educational procedures. It behooves us to examine them critically, see what signifi-

cance they possess, and then make up our minds as to how much importance shall be and should be attached to them.

According to textbooks of pedagogy, marks in themselves have three primary functions, viz:

1. To acquaint the student and his parents from time to time with a record of the degree of his success in meeting the requirements imposed upon him.

2. To determine the fitness of the student for passing on to advanced work.

3. To serve as a basis for the awarding of scholastic honors.

In this article the author has attempted to establish the value of student grades. He points out their more obvious short-comings, and endeavors to explain the underlying reasons. Since the arguments are not such as can be readily summarized, they will not be given, nor does Goepp offer any remedy for the situation.

“V—they are a fairly reliable index of intelligence and a very good criterion of industry.”

Such, in effect, is their purpose. Obviously, since all honors are awarded on a competitive basis, some method of discriminating between students must be employed. Also, since education is a costly affair, the fitness of students to receive its benefits must be determined, so that some form of rating becomes imperative. In theory, the idea is excellent, but the application of this fine ideal to actual human beings, the translation of schemes of rating from paper to actual practice, presents, in its entirety, a rather sorry spectacle. For marks are, in essence, the judgments passed by teachers upon students, the weighing of human values by similar human intelligences, and as such are open to all the faults and inconsistencies which attend every operation of the brains of men. As will be shown later, grades vary over wide ranges, are often woefully inaccurate in their actual estimation of the quality which they aim to measure, and hence at best have only general significance while at their worst can be downright misleading.

This condition springs from a widespread confusion and lack of uniformity in the minds of the pedagogical profession as to the basis upon which grades are to be reckoned. Some teachers, the majority, use as the criterion achievement only, without, consciously of course, taking into consideration either the grasp of a subject which the student has, but does not take the trouble to use, or the previous knowledge which the student may have acquired, and which he is able to use in earning marks without exerting himself to learn anything new. Other members of the learned profession tend to place emphasis upon so-called application and interest, still others upon the combination of the two, or general ability.

But numerous teachers are bound by far less weighty considerations than these. Data on this subject has been collected, and the base used by a group of forty-three experienced high school teachers, were found. This group reported more than seventy-five different items, from which we may select the following as representative.

Item:	No.	Reporting
Achievement .....	28	
Effort, application .....	25	
Attitude, interest .....	18	
General ability .....	8	
Improvement, progress .....	7	
Reproduction of facts .....	9	
Result of examinations .....	6	
Neatness .....	3	
Initiative .....	2	
Scholarship .....	2	
Imagination .....	2	
Social attitude .....	1	
Cleanliness .....	1	
Use of leisure .....	1	

Here is certainly food for thought. High school teachers are required to have specific training in educational methods, yet the items show a tendency towards diversity that is little short of chaotic. Here it may be noted that formal educational training is not required for most college instructors, so that methods of rating vary still more widely among them. With some, dictagraphic powers of reproduction are the essence of scholarship; a few judge upon such qualities as neatness, carefulness, originality, and implied understanding of the subject. These items have at least something to do with formal instruction, but how about social attitude, (whatever that may mean), cleanliness, and use of leisure?

This list, of factors used in assigning marks, of course, does not include those more tangible bases of judgment which are nevertheless potent factors



in influencing student grades. In the list, neatness received three votes, yet it is common knowledge among students that many professors are taken in completely by carefully typewritten exercises or reports, accompanied by beautifully executed drawings, which are otherwise totally innocent of any real value. And it is extremely difficult for a teacher not to be influenced by any attractive manner or good appearance which a student may have.

Pedagogues are human. It follows, naturally, that personal animus may enter into the situation. Other quirks of human nature appear, so that some teachers take a perverse satisfaction from stating that they invariably flunk a third of their men, or that no one is ever worth an A, and that if a first-class paper is by some chance produced, it very probably was copied. There is also a disposition by no means widespread, but nevertheless present at times to regard grades as something bestowed by the professor upon the student as a mark of special favor, or else as something for which the student must battle his preceptor.

However, in any reasonable discussion of the question it must also be admitted that cold, impartial justice in the assigns of grades, even if it could be exercised, would be about the last thing desired by both parties. A broad and easy tolerance of the shortcomings of students, justice tempered with mercy, is the general rule in faculties—although a cynic might remark that if this were not the case, most of collegiate bodies in America would cease to exist.

So much for the general practice in rating students. With respects to the distribution and comparison of grades in various subjects the same conditions apply. Different courses vary widely in difficulty, in the amount of

time required, both in class and for preparation, in the degree of memory work as opposed to intelligence and originality needed, as well as in the interest they may have for the student and the amount of cultural background necessary. For these reasons, grades in English, which demands original effort, are usually quite low; statistics in high school work indicate that the number of failures in that course is usually three times the number of those in laboratory work, where comparatively little initiative is needed. High grades in language courses, particularly the first or second year, are more common than in English or in scientific and engineering studies. Laboratory work is quite easy to pass, but the grade received depends to a very large extent on the judgment of the instructor, and is therefore more inclined to be arbitrary. It is obviously futile to assume that a course in the calculus is on harder than one involving appreciation of poetry,—yet both may count for the same amount of graduation credit.

However, it is in the marking of papers and examinations in these various courses that the most far-reaching discrepancies arise. Of these, the daily written recitations, since they receive the least attention, both as to framing and to grading, are the least uniform. This is but natural, since the number of differently-worded answers given to questions other than absolute statements of fact is approximately equal to the number of students reciting. Under these circumstances, it is impossible for all papers to be rated evenly, mistakes in judgment are bound to occur, and for this reason, many instructors, realizing the inevitable grievances arising from comparison of grades and answers, do not return even daily exercises to the students. Others do,



however, and the ratings received, when subjected to comparative tests by the students, seem to justify at times the insidious suggestions that the papers were graded by throwing them down a flight of stairs, and distributing marks on the basis of where they landed, the one whose paper reached the bottom getting a perfect score, and the others receiving credit in proportion to their aerodynamic powers.

As a concrete instance of inequality we may mention the case of the notebooks required by a certain department of this University. Two men copied their notes, (typewritten, so that the handwriting had no influence in the matter) from a third individual, and handed them in. The original possessor of the notes received a C, the next in line a B, and the last an A. In the same course, the identical note-book with the exception of the name, was turned in by two different students, for the first time it received a A and no corrections, the second time a B and several corrections.

There is also the incident which occurred at a large Eastern university a few years ago. One of a group of four instructors who were to grade the same set of papers wrote out a "perfect paper" as his basis for marking, and accidentally allowed it to come to the other three men. It failed to pass.

Mention of the letter system of grading calls for explanation and discussion of the merits of this system as opposed to the older numerical basis, which is still largely in force. Obviously, to assign grades of 73 and 89 on, say, history papers consisting of three general questions, is far from logical. Mere judgments cannot be drawn as final as that. It is far easier to divide men into six groups, which is what the A, B, C, D, E and F scheme

really implies, than to make the equivalent of sixty arbitrary distinctions.

The chief advantage of this system is that it permits a more flexible method of distributing grades in classes that vary as to the relative abilities of the several members. By arranging the grades in order, the five groups can be determined by the clustering of the individual grades and the intervals between them. This amounts to determining the grades in accordance with the distribution curve, and making allowances for variations in one particular group of students. It has been proved that, if a sufficiently large number of individuals be selected, at random, their performances will lie on a certain mathematical curve, the probability curve. From this curve it can be shown that, in general, about three per cent. will receive A's, fifteen B's, thirty-two C's, the same number D's, fifteen E's and three F's, on the assumption that the last two grades are not passing. Since, however, college students are not chosen at random, but have undergone more or less vigorous selection, the higher groups tend to increase at the expense of the lower. The actual distribution in a class of twenty, such as an ordinary section, would then be: one or two A's, four B's, six C's, six D's, three E's and one F. For any particular section, the grouping might not correspond to the one given, due to individual differences, but the proportions would hold to within one or two at the most.

In this way, the student is rated in comparison with his fellows, so that the marks which he gets should be fairly consistent. The method when applied with care irons out the differences in grades as a whole produced by assignments of varying difficulty, for it is patently nonsensical that a

class which averaged a C on one examination should receive E (as determined from numerical grades) in another.

It will be observed that this percentile or distribution system has many advantages, and for this reason has been adopted in many institutions, among them Harvard University, University of Missouri and Lehigh University. The advantages are to a considerable extent offset, however, by the practice of computing the student's marks on a numerical basis and converting them into letter grades, without taking into account the percentile distribution.

The types of final examinations which are in use and which have been suggested might also be discussed, although this phase of the subject is in such a state of flux that it is worth while to mention only a few of the more recent developments. Certainly the old essay form of examination is both arduous and inaccurate, and it has been claimed that long, written examination papers in English, containing several popular ballads, the Alma Mater and, perhaps, the Lord's prayer in lieu of dissertations on the prose of Walter Pater, have been passed with credit. The more modern types of true-false tests remove the finger work to a large extent, and, with the help of unkind methods of scoring, also do away with guess-work. An interesting variation of this last type is to have the questions printed upon cards, and have the student mark his answers with a perforating stencil. If this is done, the cards can be fed into a suitable ma-

chine which will mark the examination and print the grade neatly in the upper right-hand corner of the card, all with one turn of a crank, or even on pressing a button. Nothing more efficient could be desired. Nevertheless, the examination, no matter what its form, is prepared by the faculty, and is dependent upon them for its effectiveness.

Thus, it has been shown that marks can be relied upon only to a certain extent; they are a fairly reliable index of intelligence, and a good criterion of industry, but, they should never be assumed as absolute measures of ability. This is but natural, since in the last analysis marks represent a weighing of imponderables, and an attempt to reduce to mathematical expressions quantities which are incapable of any exact measurement. Therefore, what is to be done about them?

Well, there are three courses open. They can be worshipped, treated with respect, or ignored. If the first is desired, then education will be primarily a business of studying the professor, rather than the course. The second is the middle ground, and is followed by all who wish to remain in college and acquire an education with a reasonable expenditure of time and effort. The third is the one adopted by all who care for studies themselves, rather than the marks which can be got in them, and by those who refuse to allow such considerations as grades to interfere with a college education. In any case, "you pays your money, and takes your choice."



## AN ANSWER TO M. S.

BY ARTHUR A. SWALLOW

PROPERLY speaking, I have no proclivity as a disputatious interrogator, but certain statements in the article headed "New Clothes for Lehigh" wherein M. S. (why the camouflaged identity?) sets forth what I assume to be sincere, as well as kindly criticism, demand that I question some evident inferences. If I do not err, the sum and substance of M. S.'s article is that, either Lehigh's Arts Department be made pre-eminent, or the university must be considered,—*primarily*,—an engineering college. At what stage of Lehigh's history, may I ask, was it not *primarily* considered a technical institution? And again, unless the arts department surpasses the technical departments, then, the serious—and the flippant student—pursuing cultural subjects must wallow in a backwash of intellectual apathy!

Admitting of course that there are students in *every* department at Lehigh (and I do not restrict the assertion to Lehigh alone) who are at college for whatever social distinction a college education may bring, are arts students really interested in the benefits to be accrued, distinct that is, from the material remuneration? For I am of the opinion that therein lies the worth of a cultural course in any college or university, and furthermore, I believe the

majority of arts students here at Lehigh *are* seriously inclined in both purpose and intent.

Fundamentally speaking, buildings, books and classrooms are subsidiary; mere material necessities, so to speak. A statement, for example, by President Holt of Rollin College in a recent number of the "World's Work" interests me very much. President

Holt says that there are three things which make a college great: "(a) the quality of those who teach, (b) the quality of those who are taught, (c) the quality of the grounds, equipment and buildings." Certainly, no college or

In the last issue of the REVIEW there appeared an article entitled "New Clothes for Lehigh," by M. S., in which the author accused the university of pursuing a false policy with respect to the arts college, and also deplored the lack of intellectual life and cultural advantage afforded by the University and the city of Bethlehem. Mr. Swallow writes in refutation of these and other contentions.

university, or any institution worthy of the name can claim distinction, past, or present, upon its physical attributes alone. To me, it is a prevailing *spirit* which in itself constitutes a higher place of learning. Lehigh, I insist, has that spirit in *all* departments. A casual perusal of Lehigh's alumni should suffice to convince those who are skeptical. Equipment, then, and even immediate environment are properly relegated to the background to their proper places of subordination, at the same time bearing in mind their necessity up to a certain point. Lehigh, fortunately, does have men in its arts department who are capable of awakening any aesthetic or intellectual inclinations lat-



ent within any member of the undergraduate body. To ignore, intentionally, or unintentionally, the true scholars among our arts faculty, or even the most callous instructor,—for each has his contribution to make no matter how small,—is to commit a gross injustice. Undoubtedly there are weaknesses and imperfections within any institution. Happily many of the flaws prevalent here at Lehigh have been, and continue to be, slowly but surely eradicated; the progressive policy in vogue is ample evidence of the fact.

That “the arts department must always remain subsidiary to the technical departments” is not in itself an issue, and deserves only a secondary consideration. Lehigh’s reputation, it is safe to assume, has been built upon its attractions and endeavors within the engineering field, our administration can only strive to make the arts college the *equal*—if necessary—of the technical colleges, for the moment that the arts department becomes “pre-eminent” (as M. S. advocates) we would have the paradoxical situation of the whole problem reversing itself.

It is trite, and emphasizing the obvious, to remind the students that Lehigh has no controlling force whereby certain localities may be restricted. Unfortunately, the founders of this university did not foresee the necessity of obtaining certain sectional monopolies. The situation as it stands has grown since '65. However, each one of us has a happy and consoling thought in that we possess a beautiful campus, and its attractiveness is all the more enhanced by the dull contrasts in the immediate vicinity. Furthermore, “the places of amusement” should not be distorted out of all pro-

portion to their intrinsic worth. The two movie houses in Bethlehem which I have right in mind, should meet the requirements of the greater part of the leisure time which the student may have, *for that particular kind of amusement*. First-class shows and attractions may only be anticipated in towns compatible with the expenditure which such offerings involve. To expect such things in a town of the calibre and population of Bethlehem is absurd. I neither wish to expatiate upon nor offer platitudinous adjectives for what beauty Bethlehem may have. I only wish to emphasize the fact that there *is* beauty conterminous with the individual’s desire to see it. The student body of Lehigh, moreover, is not here fundamentally speaking, to indulge in shows; it is here to study.

If Lehigh is an “aesthetic desert” what, pray, constitutes an aesthetic plentitude? The dictum “an aesthetic desert” is nothing more than a play on words, and is fallacious in fact and implication. In the last analysis the endeavors of this student body and all other college bodies are “aspirations over abysses of profoundest ignorance.” Whether our students are aesthetically or intellectually inclined is only a question of relativity. The important thing to remember is that there is one characteristic that attunes every individual in a sense, to harmony and concord, each and every one is striving toward one goal, that of enlightenment. I care not an iota whether a man is imbued with admiration for concrete solid facts, or enwrapped in the splendors of Platonic mysticism, the ruling idea, in essence, at least, remains the same. There should be no disparagement in either instance.



# THROUGH THE EDITOR'S EYES

After all, the charge of Menckanism which was laid against this magazine last month is not so hard to bear. This man Mencken stands for much that is good and enviable in literature. He has dealt telling blows against ballyhoo and bunkum; he has a rare sense of humor; and what he writes is good literature.

The complimentary charge was elicited because the Review has been fair in its treatment of contributors. It gave to the faculty the opportunity of riding the students, who are not innocent, an opportunity similar to that possessed by the students themselves, who have frequently taken advantage of these columns to criticize the faculty, who are not innocent.

And then too, we must not lose sight of the fact that the issue of the Burr which followed the faculty criticism was a purged one.

Fatherly affection is noble, especially when it springs from a deep-rooted bond between parent and offspring. But all too often, a group of elders, probably because they are elders and therefor full of golden wisdom, deem it essential, proper and wise, to assume a paternal air over inexperienced, incapable youth. And, of course, the paternalism springs from the depths of fatherly affection.

Yet youth sometimes finds it difficult to see wisdom behind the paternal and governing actions of elders. It is minded of state and national governments,—and there are college graduates

among politicians, too — of their blunders and ill judgments. It is minded of the graft and corruption and utter lack of foresight which is so prevalent among these matured and educated elders.

And when it is compelled to draw breath in the air of paternalism which hangs heavy in such places as the university, it begins to resent. Of course, the faculty has evinced a speck of confidence in the students by allowing automobiles to be driven about the campus. But in what else? It has erected barriers all around the students. It does not permit unlimited cuts as other progressive colleges have done—not even to those men who have demonstrated their reliability. It has issued a mandate which prevents any organization from enforcing measures which reflect the wishes of the student body as a whole. The paternal fathers have the last word in everything—regardless of the student's lack of faith in their wisdom and foresight, a lack of faith which is well founded in the examples of inefficiency among elders which abound on all sides.

The revolt of youth? Well, we are forced to wonder if youth has not really done a better job of its undertakings than many of its elders. And we are wondering if it is not time to demand a voice in the governing of our own affairs.

There is a crying need on this campus for a really fresh and juicy



ceremonial, a function that has the tang of actual life in it and not the musty, cut-and-dried formalism of the current student group activities. For the Frosh rushes have settled down into a stagnant level of uniformity, the Sophs do their duty by the newcomers, but in a perfunctory fashion. The banquet fights provide sport, but it is of a distinctly primitive nature, and gives very little play to the fancy. As for the class banquets themselves, they are, as all such affairs inevitably must be, positive sinks of respectability, paragons of conformity, where none but the most proper and approved moral sentiments and inspirational addresses are heard, and nothing but the inevitable chicken, mashed potatoes and peas eaten. Moving-Up Day is but a feeble attempt at galvanizing student spirits into action, and the Calculus Cremation, for long the most characteristic event of the academic season, has for several years been permitted to relapse into innocuous desutude.

At this critical juncture Pi Delta Epsilon, the honorary journalistic and literary fraternity, comes to the rescue with a plan for rejuvenating the lost spirit of exuberant satire and mockery without which any campus is morally dead. The project is to hold a so-called Gridiron Banquet, to honor prominent undergraduates, and for the purpose of panning everything which is in the least in need of such a process. Invitations to this affair will be a mark of distinction, and will come only to those who have distinguished themselves in the past year. The keenest wits on the campus will lend to it of their best, and it will have no fixed ceremonial, but each year will be new, original and tasty. Lehigh has long been in need of such a function, for there is no agency at present from which campus failings may receive adequate chastisement, and there is no one ceremonial

which does honor to all the capable men from the different phases of undergraduate activities.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has come out with the statement that student fees should be raised to the point where the student will pay the full cost of his education, instead of the fraction now paid by him. "At present," says Mr. Rockefeller, "he pays for only half of what he presumably gets. This system was justified when serious boys came to college for the purpose of preparing for the non-remunerative professions, like teaching and the ministry. Today boys go to college for a good time and social advancement, and have no valid claim on charity." To this pronouncement we object, as a statement of fact. There is nothing whatever to show that previous college generations were any more serious than the present body of American undergraduates, if anything, they were far more frivolous, for according to R. L. Duffus, the rah-rah boy is passing from our midst. Scholarship has certainly not declined, for the standards of work throughout the colleges and universities of the country are admittedly much higher than those of the former times. That most students have a serious purpose in going to college is attested to by the fact that in many institutions a large number of students earn a part or all of their expenses. And as for the last point, that students preparing for teaching and the ministry (law is not mentioned) alone deserve support from the commonwealth, we cannot see that a student preparing for a career in any of these fields of knowledge is entitled to any more assistance in his education than the man who elects to pursue engineering or business as his life work. Since all benefit by the results of education, equal opportunities for it should be had by everyone.

# THE ACTIVITIES FEE

BY MARVIN SIDNEY

THE discussion in the ensuing lines is not merely the opinion of one student; it is the attitude of many persons about the campus with whom I have consulted, and it appears also to be the view of almost the entire student body. Because the faculty has been unwilling to ratify the Student Activities Fee, and because irrelevant issues have been raised to ignore the actual point, this crystallization of general opinion is offered.

The matter of this fee, the plan of which has been well set forth by the "Brown and White," may be resolved to this question: will the Student Activities Fee further the best interests of the student body as a whole? The insistence that it is unjust to force upon all students a tax, whose rewards they, as individuals may not reap, and whose ends they may not favor for themselves, will not serve. The basis of society, even as that of a college society, is the Utilitarian doctrine of the greatest good for the greatest number. If you own land, whether or not you have children, you pay a school tax; you may be financially independent yourself but you help to support paupers; you may hire an army to protect your own person but you contribute to the maintenance of a police force; your house may never burn down, and you may not care whether it does, yet you aid in the upkeep of a fire company. In the college society of Lehigh University we observe this principle in a like manner. Do you partake of intercollegiate athletic activities? do you care to? Whether you do or not your athletic fee helps support them. Do you use the library? do you care whether anyone else does? Care or not your library fee adds to its

income. Do you ever need medical aid? do you desire a physical examination? Sick or well, your health fee, with others, sustains the dispensary. It must be recognized then, that when an activity improves greatly the condition of the entire undergraduate body, even though a few individuals may refrain from taking their share, that activity must be financially supported by every student.

It is correspondingly irrelevant to insist that any of these organizations have made mistakes in the past, and therefore ought to be condemned. That is a mere splattering of mud to obscure the genuine issues. The point in question is not the faults they formerly had, but the benefits they now produce, and the advances they will make with adequate financial support. If they perform a worthy task for the entire student group, whatever defects they may have had, notwithstanding, they deserve the aid of the entire undergraduate enrollment. At the present time, all of these activities are being paid for by students who must carry not only their own burden, but that of those who will not voluntarily pay; these activities, inextricably bound with the welfare of the entire undergraduate body, are held down by the dead weight of reactionary shirkers.

Yet, by far the great majority of students favor these activities. They do not object to giving the money to the organizations, but few have it to give. Notoriously "broke," as all students are, the \$12 to which all of these fees approximately mounts, is a sum which cuts hard into the private purse and since it can be easily pushed off, the money is not forthcoming. How-

ever, if the amount were lowered to \$4.00, and if it were added to the tuition fee, it could easily be taken care of by the parent or student with little friction.

Each of the organizations, which would benefit by the inauguration of the Student Activities Fee, is one whose welfare vitally effects the welfare of the entire university. The "Brown and White" serves a purpose which is not only worthy but extremely necessary. Recall your history, for the moment, and note once more the results which publications have produced as the uni-fiers and the knowledge dispensing agents of society. In exactly the same manner the "Brown and White" disseminates information and binds together the students at Lehigh. To destroy it would do as much harm to the student body as the destruction of the press would do to society. Had there been no "Brown and White," the student opponents of this measure would never have been aware that this measure existed. Hence it was in reading the paper, for which their neighbor had paid, that they got their information. The "Brown and White" has just undergone a reorganization by which its potentialities have been greatly increased. Few, indeed, are those who have recently read it and have failed to notice the great improvement which has already taken place. Shall we cripple this paper just when its rebirth has promised important gains for Lehigh?

What does the Lehigh Union do for the student body? It acts in an advisory capacity to all freshmen; it supervises Freshman Week; it provides lists of good rooming houses; it assists the fraternities in their distribution of bids; it sends a Deputation Committee to high schools, so that Lehigh may get

men of the highest calibre; it aids in the organization of the Freshman and Sophomore Cabinets, and assists in the formation of the Freshman Class; it publishes and distributes the Frosh bible; it makes temporary loans to needy students. What more could one ask of it? Does this not show that it is worthy of support by the entire student group?

The establishment of class dues, to be paid each year by all, will provide an equitable adjustment for an unfair condition, and it will allow each class to derive more benefits from its dues. At the present time many men enjoy class privileges for one, two, or three years, and then leave college. Approximately sixty per cent. of the original class is in this category, and a great many of them never pay any dues. As a result, the forty per cent. who remain and graduate, must pay in their senior year not only for themselves, but for all those who have enjoyed class activities, and left college, with their bills to be paid by others. It is any wonder, then, that each member of the present senior class must pay \$8.50 in dues, that all previous senior classes have had to pay large amounts, sometimes as high as \$12.50? And is it any wonder that these seniors, seeing how they have been mulcted, at their last meeting voted *unanimously* in favor of the Student Activities Fee? They, who have nothing to gain but the satisfaction of having improved conditions for classes to come, decided that future classes ought not be swindled as all previous classes have been. With the fee in operation the sum of class dues for four years would be \$4.00 as against the present \$8.50. Each man would pay for as many years as he stayed in college, that is, for value received; greater to-



tal benefits would accrue; and, in addition, a large reduction could be made in the class banquet fees.

What does the Arcadia do, besides being the official representative organ of the students? Have you ever gone to a university smoker at Lehigh? The Arcadia provides for and pays for them all. Did you ever join in Moving-Up Day? The Arcadia directs it. Have you ever gone to any other university to watch our football team—to Princeton, or Penn, or Carnegie Tech or Bucknell—and did you ever feel a thrill of pride when the band marched down the field, brown and white against the green grass, brass flashing in the autumn sun, a rythm of surging feet, and Lehigh songs filling the stadium? Did you ever, perchance, turn to the girl next to you and say, "Pretty snappy, eh!"? If you have, perhaps you know that it is the Arcadia which raises the money to send the band on trips. Perhaps you also know that the Arcadia, in addition to forming committees for student action, financially backs any worthy general student cause.

Strangely, there are a few students, and even a few of the faculty who do not appear to know that there is adequate provision for the proper administration of the funds ensuing from this fee. In the university, among other committees, are the Board of Publications Committee and the Student Club Committee. Each consists of three faculty members, the Dean, ex-officio and three student members elected by the Arcadia. The former committee requires from the business manager of each publication, at the beginning of the college year, a detailed budget of estimated receipts and expenditures. It also requires a detailed monthly report, and checks it with the budget. At the

end of the year a detailed final account must be turned in, and this account is audited by a Public Accountant and summarized in the "Brown and White." The Student Club Committee requires from each club that a budget be presented in the fall, a mid-year financial report in February, and a detailed final report at the end of the college year.

All of the activities affected by this fee, will have their finances under the direct supervision of either of these two committees. The past three years, during which the Publications Committee has been active, and the two years of existence of the Club Committee, point out their adequacy, for, since their inauguration, there have been no serious financial difficulties. One financial barrier alone has troubled them—lack of funds.

A few persons have gone so far as to say that the voluntary support of these organizations has been healthful, while this proposed virtual subsidy would remove their vigor. At first sight this familiar platitude might appear plausible, but the facts of this particular case dispute such a crude generality. At present the organizations are badly hampered by lack of money; they are constantly checked and throttled by insufficient funds. Can anything be healthy when it is bound fast by unbreakable ropes? Would it remove its vigor to cut the ropes, which prevent it from giving the best service to the college community? Or would it revivify a weakened organization, and increase its capacity to promote the interests of the student body?

A few others have suggested that, under present conditions, there is educational value to be gained by those students who collect the money, education which would be lost with the in-

auguration of the fee. Here, too, hackneyed coachwords are being applied. At present, for every organization, four treasurers, each with an assistant, attempt futilely to canvass fifteen hundred students. The educational value of this is highly dubious; one might say, it is merely a waste of time which might be better employed. For those students who, in their future careers, expect to go from door to door collecting bills, this might be good practice. But a survey of occupations of Lehigh graduates does not divulge any such profession, and bill-dunning has not been added to the pursuit of knowledge, even in extra-curricular activities.

It has been suggested that a referendum be held to decide the student opinion, that the question be put to a vote of the entire student body. While I, for one, am heartily in favor of a referendum, it is hardly possible that one could be carried through with any degree of success. The last student referendum held when the Honor System was abolished, succeeded in getting only five hundred men to vote out of a total of eight hundred students. However, if there is any feasible plan for a referendum, let it be submitted to the Arcadia and let them carry it out. It might be well to add that this is the very same Arcadia, which those in opposition to the fee, refuse to support. The Arcadia has already referred the matter to its constituents and it has had their ratification. To this there has been some slight objection, since a few feel that there are some students who

are not adequately represented in the Arcadia. But this complaint must be made not against the Student Activities Fee, nor against the Arcadia; it must be directed against those students who have been so uninterested as to allow themselves to go unrepresented. They have had years in which to discover and remedy the condition. Why therefore this sudden interest, even though the Arcadia has functioned for many years? Is it not possible that it is merely another attempt to obscure the definite issue of the Student Activities Fee?

We now have the opportunity to bring forth a re-birth of genuine student activity. Ignore it, and we will continue to let these necessary activities stumble blindly along, financially hamstrung by the near-sightedness of the opponents of this measure. No one would suggest that the football team be forced to play without uniforms, no one but would be ashamed to ask the cross-country team to run barefooted or the baseball team to play without gloves. Why then must these valuable organizations be hindered because of lack of funds? If ever there was the opportunity to exhibit college spirit—not rah-rah grand stand motions, or blatant college egotism, but an honest creative effort—that time has come. With the new Lehigh Union, an active Arcadia, adequate class funds, and a reorganized “Brown and White” we are ready for important steps ahead—provided the Student Activities Fee is ratified.





# THE ACTIVITIES FEE

BY T. L. GUNTHORPE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Within the past two months a proposal was made by the Arcadia and also Omicron Delta Kappa to combine several student fees and subscriptions into one Student Activities Fee, to be collected by the Bursar at the time of registration. The activities in question are: the Arcadia, the Lehigh Union, Class Dues and the Brown and White. The amounts of these separate fees and subscription, together with the allotment to each under the new plan, is shown below.

ACTIVITIES FEE		AT PRESENT	
Arcadia .....	\$ .50		\$ .50
Union .....	.75		2.00
B. & W. ....	1.75		2.00
Class Dues .....	1.00	\$3.00 per year, \$8.00-\$12.00	
without banquet		in Senior year, with banquet.	

Although passed unanimously by the Arcadia and by O. D. K., the measure, when referred to the Faculty, was voted down on the grounds that the Arcadia was not truly representative of the student body. Prior to the action of the Faculty there was no registered protest made by any student through any of the ordinary channels, although the measure was given adequate publicity by the Brown and White, and was assigned for discussion in the living groups. Since then, the following article has been received, which attacks the measure on various grounds. The merits of the case are discussed in the first article by Marvin Sidney Borowski, who is heartily in favor of the plan. In publishing these two articles THE REVIEW hopes to stimulate student discussion of the measure.

IT would seem to be rather late to begin agitation against the student activities fee, but there are a number of reasons why the subject has not been adequately discussed heretofore. The Brown and White is perpetually publishing schemes for the supposed betterment of Lehigh, so that a number of the student body, when it paid any attention at all to the matter, put it down as another fool suggestion, and surmised that it would never be acted upon. In this surmise they were wrong. The members of the Arcadia, without consulting their constituents in a number of cases, unanimously passed upon the measure, and referred it to the faculty for consideration. Fortunately, the faculty vetoed the measure upon its first presentation, and thus gave those who opposed the idea a chance to voice their objections. As it is likely that the measure will again be presented for faculty consideration, it behooves all those who have anything to

say against it to speak while there is yet time.

It must be admitted at the outset that the student activities fee is a very practical measure, but so was the old law which enabled the state to collect the tithes: both measures are against all the principles of equity. It is against this compulsory feature of the measure that all the objections are made, for such compulsion carries with it many implications.

Let us begin by a consideration of the measure in its relation to the this organ that the proposal was first brought forth. The Brown and White is a newspaper, and was founded in the normal way to be supported by its subscriptions and advertising: in fact, so much did it resemble a newspaper that it has even been in the habit of declaring dividends, despite the fact that this year it has a deficit amounting to about \$1000. Since it has been taken over in part by the instructor of

journalism, however, it is proposed that subscription should be made compulsory, and the amount of the fee collected from every student by the bursar, upon pain of not being permitted to enter Lehigh. It is urged in support of this action that a college paper is a very necessary thing, as are newspapers in general and that in its present state we are in danger of losing the Brown and White unless some such remedial measure is adopted. We admit that newspapers are necessary, but it is not the custom of the government to enforce subscription on citizens, or even to subsidize failing papers out of tax funds: in view of this, why should our government, the University, take it upon itself to adopt such a measure? When things have come to such a pass that less than half of the student body value the paper enough to subscribe to it, does it not seem that it should be allowed to die a natural death? "But," urge some," the new Professor of Journalism will need the Brown and White for a laboratory of journalism, where he can give his students practical work. In that case, let the paper be run on the old subscription and advertising fee basis, and when deficiencies arise, let the Department of English make up the deficit from its allotment. Or, if it does not choose to do that, let it charge a laboratory fee to all students taking the course. Surely it is but right for the English department and its students in the laboratories to bear the expense of keeping up the laboratory, especially when it would be almost self-supporting. There is still another point which is often overlooked in this connection: The Brown and White will continue to pay certain of the students under the new system. This means that the University will be imposing a fee on the

student body as a whole and from it paying certain students for taking a certain course. The advanced course in M. S. & T. would seem to parallel this, but it must be remembered that it is the Army and not the University who pays the military student. Altogether there seems but little justification for enforcing the subscription to the Brown and White.

The next upon the list of beneficiaries of the new fee is the Lehigh Union. Now the Union is a most excellent organization, and deserving of all possible support of the student body, but it is a social and philanthropic body, and as such should not be maintained by enforced subscription, but rather by voluntary contributions of its members. It is again to the forcing of the project that objections are made.

Class dues make up the next item on the list. It is claimed that by enforcing the payment of the class dues very great reductions in the individual fees can be made because so many do not pay. This on the fact of it shows that many students are not interested, and do not get enough benefit from the class to make it worth their paying. To overcome this very valid objection, the proponents of the measure at once liken the class dues to the taxes, which all citizens are supposed to pay. It is interesting to note, however, that all citizens do not pay taxes, unless they want to vote. Let us, therefor, make the class dues, and the Arcadia fee, a poll tax, and permit no one to vote who has not paid it, but by all means do not enforce its collection upon those who patently have no interest in the organizations in question, and derive no benefit from them in return for their membership. Or if the University does collect forcibly from the student, let it retain the money: at the

banquet season, let the Dean hie forth and hire trucks that the freshmen may haul away the captured sophomores: or let the bursar, from his fund, and with an accurate knowledge of how much money is available, make all the arrangements for the class book. According to the Dean, over ninety percent. of the freshman and sophomore classes pay their dues. This at once invaliditates any plea that the classes must perforce be short of funds because many, seeing no benefit, refuse to bear what the officials feel is their just share of the burden. In fact, it raises a very urgent question: By increasing the number of contributors but ten percent, how can they afford to reduce the contribution by about seventy percent. Surely this demands a very good explanation. "But it has all been budgeted," they reply. Then let them apply that budget to their present income, and they will obviously, if the Dean's statistics be true, find themselves able to reduce the class dues without bothering students who have no concern over class activities.

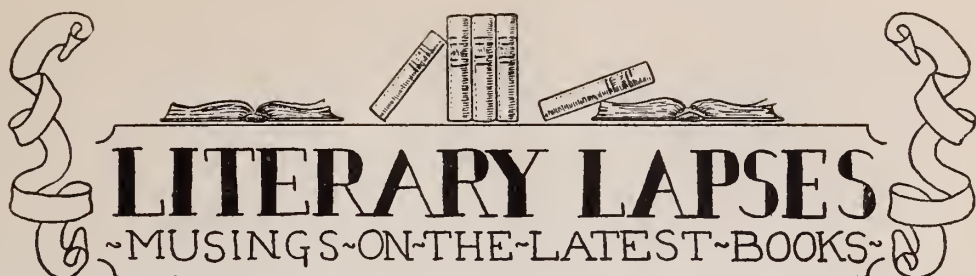
Even in the fact of all these arguments, it is still urged that the student body as a whole is in favor of the measure—did not the Arcadia favor it un-animously, but the Arcadia is unfortunately, not a representative body, and does not even try to be in a great number of instances. There are about 1400 students at Lehigh, almost equally divided between organized living groups and scattered individuals, but the half of the student body which lives by itself has but five representatives of the forty-three in the Arcadia. To put it differently, fifty percent of the student have put twelve percent of the representation. On the other side of the case, the five hundred and fifty fraternity men are represented in the Arca-

ing to force on succeeding classes a bunch of dead wood which they do not dia by no less than twenty-nine delegates: or, thirty-nine percent of the student body has sixty-seven percent of the representation in that very representative body. This is the fourth organization to which they would force us to contribute.

But even with this scandalous disparity of the representation the Arcadia could quite easily represent student opinion accurately within its limits, if its members would but take the trouble to find out what the opinion is in the groups which they are supposed to represent. However, in each of the eight cases investigated, the matter of the activities fee had not been put up to the group in a group meeting before the Arcadia passed the proposal on to the faculty by a unanimous favorable vote. In one of these groups it developed that at least nine were against the measure, and these nine, the only twenty-five percent of the membership of the group, were fifty percent of those questioned. It may be noticed also that the Arcadia is composed of Seniors, who in all reasonable probability will never have to pay the fee for themselves. We admit that the seniors have the interests of the University at heart, but it is very easy to vote away someone else's money, especially in such a plausably benificent cause as this fee appears to be. One may question, also, whether these same Arcadia members who so valiantly attempt to force this measure down the throat of the student body, have already voluntarily subscribed to all of the organizations which they deem so worthy of perpetuation as to call for a compulsory subscription. If they have not, it would appear that they are try-

*(Continued on Page 50)*





# LITERARY LAPSES

## MUSINGS ON THE LATEST BOOKS

### THE UGLY DUCHESS

BY LION FEUCHTWANGER

Of all types of novels the most difficult and intractable, the least ductile and capable of being successfully handled, is the historical, in which to err on one side or the other of a shadowy golden-mean is fatal. Placing undue emphasis upon the historical side plunges the novel into an abyss of intolerably dull detail until the plot begins to disappear and the story becomes all background. On the other hand if the significance of the historical element is forgotten, improbability runs riot. Characters and events lack motivation; philosophy and comment seem to exist without rime or reason. In the historical novel to a greater degree than in any other type, background and plot are interdependently related. In *The Ugly Duchess* Lion Feuchtwanger has escaped the pitfalls that lie on either side of the road. With astonishing perspicacity and insight he has selected and molded from a body of difficult material a story of tremendous power and has told it with a finish of artistic skill that certainly entitles him to a foreseat among the accomplished novelists of the present age. In this, his second book, he has created a novel which is undoubtedly equal to anything of the sort attempted in English.

Margarete, the ugly Duchess, was the ruler of Tyrol in the heart of the fourteenth century when the gorgeous life of golden mediaevalism was at its flood

tide and shortly before the Renaissance was to reach its highest pitch. Upon the death of her father, Heinrich, she assumed the leadership of Tyrol, at that time one of the most prosperous states of Central Europe and the desired prey of the powers which surrounded it—the Italians, the Hapsburgs, Wittelbacks, the Luxemburgs. In *The Ugly Duchess*, Feuchtwanger has told the complete and colorful history of Tyrol under Margarete's guidance and has woven through the whole panorama a golden thread—the supremely drawn picture of Margaret whose jutting jaw, ape-like mouth, and pouch-like cheeks, had earned her the nickname of "Sack-mouth." Her repulsive ugliness, her innate fineness of mind and character, her rise to power and her final dissolution make her a figure of epic size, but an epic figure in tears, an ugly Juno in sorrow. For sadness was the mainspring of Margarete's character, and it could not have been otherwise as she made her way in solitary strength and weakness throughout the beauty that surrounded her and seemed so much more beautiful because of her own ugliness.

The tragedy of the Duchess lay not in her ugliness but in her power and capability, in her sensitive character and appreciation. For the tragedy of life is contained not in sorrow but in the ability to feel sorrow and in the delicacy of spirit that causes the individual to perceive his sorrow. The most tragic man or woman is not the

one on whom the gods have rained the most tribulation, but the one whose inner fineness makes him abnormally sensitive to the blows of life that descend upon him. Ugliness is a misfortune to the average man but a tragedy to the person who has a soul of fire. It is the last mocking note of Fate's jeering that the Duchess should have had a lovely voice like a warm note of color in an ugly vase, only served to accentuate the lack of beauty and to make that lack more unbelievably sad.

The enduring characteristics of Feuchtwanger's style are his undeniable gift of description, his power of dramatic portrayal, his calm simplicity. Again and again the book fairly glows with terse, restrained description. There lingers in the memory, especially, the solemn picture of Margarete's marriage with its motley pomp and circumstance and the quiet, sensuous beauty of Margarete's summer with her bronzed, Italian lover. This descriptive power is at its best when it is dealing with wide subjects and fields where the power of acute and understanding observation can best be employed. Evidences of dramatic power are to be found everywhere. The structure of the whole novel is dramatic in form and treatment. The meeting of Margarete and the beautiful de Flavon is unforgettable. The conflict between a woman of brains, majestic, magnificently ugly, and a woman of wiles, beautiful and appealing, is superbly told.

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## THE MOB

V. Blasco Ibanez

The theme of *The Mob* is time-honored and time-stained. From the era of the first epic the tale of the man who rose from the mob or the masses, secured a niche in Fame's hall, and then

once more returned to the mob, has been considered worthy of attention. It has not, however, been until comparatively recently that the mob itself has been considered as heroic and as intrinsically interesting as the individual who rose above it. Sight of the human characteristics of the mob were forgotten in the general homage paid to the hero. The mob was relegated to the background, consigned to act as a dark curtain before which the hero strutted in magnificent action. In *The Mob*, the last book of the late Senor Ibanez, the mob and the hero are developed side by side and the individual who leaves the mob is an individual in whose every step there can be traced the objectively working influence of the mass that begot him. And so in the true sense Maltrana is no hero at all, but more strictly speaking, only an individual member of the mob whom we can see more clearly and more distinctly.

Maltrana, it must be confessed, if a hero at all, is a sorry one. His immediate ancestors were the scavengers of Madrid who lived upon the daily refuse and waste that the busy city spewed forth into its streets and alleys. After the death of his father, confinement in a children's home saved him from the degrading influence of a life in Madrid's gutters and gave an opportunity for the brilliant mental powers which the child possessed, to display themselves. Instinctively Maltrana turned to a life of intellectual pursuit. At the expense of an old lady, who took in him a proud and proprietary interest, he studied until he had become one of the savants of Madrid. His learning was of little use in securing an economic existence. Partly as the result of extreme reaction from failure to compete in a busy life and partly as a result of the manifestation of the



qualities of the bourgeois which lay at the foundation of his character. Maltrana determined to marry. The happiness of life with Feliciano, his young wife, was marred by ever-increasing poverty and failure, which finally forced him to return to the mob in which he had started. The death of his wife and the responsibility of caring for his young son brought him within the pale of the social group to which he rightly belonged. He was no longer a savant; he was of the mob.

The chief characteristic of the mob that sweeps back and forth through this novel is that its seeming homogeneity is an illusion. Upon inspection each member of the mob becomes highly individualistic with personal ambitions, troubles, and desires. In the mob Ibanez sees no complete organism working with one mind and operating as a social unit, but rather he sees it, looking upon it with a humane and kindly view, as a brotherhood of men whose individualism has failed to leave a definite stamp or impress upon its surroundings, and so even the slightest character in *The Mob* possesses some trait that removes all possibility of placing him in a mold or type. Senor Vincente, for instance seems at first glance to be a well-meaning religious addict and no more. But as his character unfolds and develops, his passionate religious fervor, his high intensity of feeling and purpose cause one to realize that he is standing before a sincere man whom one could not compare without injustice to the unthinking brute that is generally considered the unit of the masses. And so it is with all the other characters—with Mosco, the poacher, with the gypsy haridan, and with Senor Manolo. The mob we meet in this book has lost its shadowy outlines as has become a living, interesting reality.

CIRCULAR No. 14 of the Institute of Research of Lehigh University, Studies in the Humanities No. 4, appeared a short time ago in the form of a pamphlet by Professor Robert Metcalf Smith of the Department of English, entitled: "The Variant Issues of Shakespeare's Second Folio and Milton's First Published English Poem, A Biographical Problem."

"The present study describes and illustrates nine variant title pages and three variant 'Effigies' leaves, found in the Second Folio of Shakespeare, and discusses the bearing of these variants upon the bibliography of Shakespeare and Milton. The study is based upon data from 124 extant copies. A differentiated list of Second Folios and their present location, and an account of Second Folio values have also been included."

Prof. Smith's study has been well received by bibliophiles throughout the country and Europe. We quote from the New York Herald-Tribune, Feb. 19:

While it is not impossible or even improbable that most or possibly even all, of Professor Smith's various "variants" or "states" of the Second Folio have been noted and studied comparatively casually by previous bibliographers, at least Professor Smith seems to be the first to describe them all together, exhaustively and accurately, with excellent photographic illustrations, and a list of known copies up to date. We are interested to learn that "the New York Public Library and the Henry Huntington Library lead the world, each possessing seven of the nine variant issues of the Second Folio, the former lacking Allot 3 and Meighen and 'Effigies' B, the latter Allot 2 and 3 and 'Effigies' B, the Second Folios of the former, counting duplicates, totaling nine; the latter, ten." We are greatly indebted to Professor Smith for his very useful and valuable essay.

DURING the past few years the country has been flooded with an unusually large number of biographies, autobiographies, and historical sketches of all kinds, some of which are good but the majority of which are at most mediocre.

Notable among the most recent bio-

ographies are Emil Ludwig's *Napoleon*; *Bismark*, by the same author, Arthur Symons' *Elinora Duse*, and *That Man Heine*, by Brown. Probably the best biography in recent years is *The Road to Xanadu*, an elaborate and entirely scholarly research into the life and work of Samuel Coleridge, by John Livingston Lowes. While Hilaire Belloc's *Danton* and Burdett's *Gladstone* are not classed as great biographies, they are none the less important from the point of view of historical interest.

One biography which seems to have struck the popular fancy is Katherine Anthony's *Catherine the Great*. Miss Anthony gives an interesting account of Catherine's life, showing her in all her many-sided personalities,—as ruler of the Russias, as an international power, and again, as a woman who is herself ruled by all the whims and impulses of her sex. For while Catherine's biographer devotes a large portion of her work to potraying her as an empress and as the highly intellectual woman that she really was, yet most of the

account deals with the rather intimate history of the affectionate queen's various amours.

Her lovers, if her Imperial Majesties' statistics be correct, numbered thirteen, including her husband. But as she herself did not include her husband in the list, there were, strictly speaking, only twelve gentlemen to whom the Little Mother of the Russias devoted most of her time and upon whom she bestowed something like a hundred and ninety million dollars in gifts, or what you will.

This story of the reconciling of the woman Catherine to the duties and intrigues of her imperial position is made even more interesting by the addition of pithy extracts from the empress' own memories, and the interest is sustained throughout not only by Miss Anthony's style, but also by her ability to understand fully both sides of Catherine's life: that of her efforts to obtain and to retain a crown, and that of her struggles to remain a woman despite her royal position.

#### FICTION:

##### 1. *Claire Ambler .... Booth Tarkington*

The tale of the flapper by a writer who has an uncanny knowledge of women and youth.

##### 2. *Iron and Smoke, Sheila Kaye-Smith*

This book "secures Sheila Kaye-Smith's place in the front rank of English women novelists. It is on a high level of literary artistry—a leisurely, competent human study."

##### 3. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* Thornton Wilder

A best seller that really deserves its position.

##### 4. *Etched in Moonlight* James Stephens

Seven realistic stories of Irish life by an Irish poet. A fine book written in beautifully simple and poetic prose.

#### NON-FICTION::

##### 1. *Disraeli ..... Andre Maurois*

The author of "Ariel" has written a successful biography of one of the strangest and most daring figures that England produces.

##### 2. *Young India ..... Mahatma Ghandi*

*Young India*, a reply to Katherine Mayo's reveals the Indians "as human beings struggling to better themselves in the midst of ignorance, poverty and all the unpleasant characteristics of (their) race."

##### 3. *Washington Speaks for Himself* L. P. Osborn

Another biography of Washington "constructed out of excerpts from Washington's writings as edited by Ford and his diaries edited a few years ago by Fitzpatrick."

# D'ANNUNZIO'S THEORIES OF LOVE *and* BEAUTY

BY M. ONDECK

THERE is a wealth of material available for those who would study D'Annunzio, and seek, through an examination of his life and an interpretation of his work to formulate and definitely classify the theories and concepts of love and beauty which are the essence of the poet-fantast's life and form the material basis for all his work.

Studies of D'Annunzio's life and of his work might be considered as being two distinctly individual approaches to the formulation of the vaguely fantastic hypotheses of love and beauty which ruled them both, but after they have been interpreted, understood, and balanced one with the other, we can but conclude that they are completely congruous, the one serving only to verify the other.

As he lived, so he wrote. The poet who lived and loved invented characters who lived and loved much as he did, and whose dim, sad dreams of half-forgotten loves and vague remembrances of beauty long since dead—the sad, “deep things within that come from afar”—are nothing more than his own dreams, his own age-old memories. The poet and his work are one. But whether the nature of his life was the outcome of his fantastic impulses and the theories which consequently

came of them, or whether, on the other hand, his concepts of love and his interpretation of beauty resulted from the kind of life he had lived, is hard to tell. The student can merely read, examine, attempt to understand, and come to whatever conclusions he will.

Much can be read into the years of D'Annunzio's life, and a full under-

standing of the nature of the man can be arrived at by carefully considering the various episodes of his life which have at different times come into the prominence of the press, and all of which have made him something of an international character. It is because

of the wild, bizarre treatment which the press has given his decidedly unconventional escapades that people who read headlines have come to equally wild and bizarre conclusions concerning the man. “He broke Duse's heart—he is a devil.” “He defies convention—he is insensate.” Or perhaps, “Ah! how that man has lived! I envy him.”

D'Annunzio's life is filled with episodes, probably because he believes that life itself, that is, the flesh and blood existence which we ordinarily consider as life, is just an episode in the far more overwhelming existence of the mind, or of the soul. Time passes, men live, and memories persist. We

The writer of this essay shared with Mr. Franklin Kissner the Williams Prize in Sophomore English for 1928. The work of Mr. Kissner, due to its rather technical nature and narrow range of interest, is unfortunately not suitable for publication in this magazine. We are, however, glad to be able to publish Mr. Ondeck's work, not only because it is a prize-winning essay, but also for its intrinsic interest.



have only to take whatever of life is at our finger-tips, devote our lives to beauty, and seek beauty for the sake of love. The one way to reach the pinnacle of spiritual ecstasy is through the physical. And when we have reached that point where we feel that we have taken more from life than ever we thought life could give; when we have tasted the fruits of the highest, most inaccessible branches of the tree of life; when we writhe in the agony of our very happiness, then nothing remains but to put aside and physically forget the means employed in carrying us to those ecstatic heights, and to revel instead only in the memory of whatever happiness the physical may have produced.

D'Annunzio's episode with Elinora Duse is illustrative of his tendency to live for the moment—the sublime moment when everything, all the beauty, all the love which life has ever known, is fused into a wild and overwhelming sensation—and after that, to cast aside the instruments of his happiness as a lady might throw away a beautiful gown which she has worn to one grand fete, and which afterwards gave her no pleasure to wear, because it was no longer new.....

Yes, D'Annunzio has lived intensely, loved intensely, and left in his wake broken hearts, shattered dreams, trampled illusions. Broken hearts? It is regrettable, of course, that Gabriele should break so many hearts, and leave them seek their mending in forgetfulness—or memories. But that, too, is just a part of the episode. In a dreamer, a poet like D'Annunzio, the mental and physical satisfaction overcomes whatever bit of remorse may manifest itself, and he feels that whatever the results of the episode, painful as they are to the subject of his experiment,

they are made justifiable by the wealth of experience and the aesthetic satisfaction which they give him. Anything that is loved must be beautiful, and anything that is beautiful must be loved. As for consequences—what do they matter, so long as the poet has dined of love and feasted his eyes with beauty?

A seemingly different but fundamentally similar idea is found in all his drama. Love is a destroyer, a monster which brings only disaster to those who have tasted of its sweetness. It conquers us, carries us away in the transports of physical and spiritual emotion, and when that sublime moment has been reached, it shatters everything, leaving not a trace of love or life behind. That is why causes and results of episodes give Gabriele little worry; both are in the hands of "Eros, the invincible," and such disasters as may come of love are to be expected, and accepted as inevitable. Too, that is why the endings of all his dramas are tragic. In *The Dead City*, Bianca Maria, loved by and in love with her own brother, had to die. It was the only possible solution to the ghastly problem of incestuous love, a love beautiful in its ghastliness. In *Francesca Da Rimini* the attending disasters of love are even more pronouncedly shown. Francesca, married to Gianciotto for social and political reasons, falls in love with Paolo, "the Beautiful," and they, despite the folly of it all, were so drawn together by the invincible Eros that they loved blindly, passionately, and reached the heights of that inexplicable, intangible ecstasy of the soul which only love can bring. They were both killed by Gianciotto when he discovered his wife's duplicity. Again, to further the illustration, we might consider the



cases of Mila in *The Daughter of Jorio*, who was killed because she loved too well, but not too wisely, and of Silvia, the wife of Lucio, the sculptor in *Gioconda*. In the latter case, we have Lucio in love with his wife—a spiritual sort of love which possesses him in his calmer moments—and in love with his model, Gioconda—a purely physical attraction for a lithe, passionate creature, and one which overwhelms his little life, wrecks disaster in his household, and leaves his wife a mutilated martyr to love.

D'Annunzio's interpretation of the beautiful can be best explained by the bit of symbolism that he himself uses throughout his work; the comparison of beauty to a flame, the flame signifying anything, particularly love itself, which lasts for just a little while, burns intensely, brilliantly, reaches the heights of the esthetic, stirs somewhere within the heart the wildly throbbing sensations of infinite joy, or of infinite sorrow which things of beauty have power of producing, and finally flares up in one last flash, and dies, leaving only ashes—the little memories and regrets of life. Francesca, under the spell of its awful beauty, murmurs, ".....this flame is so beautiful, I am drunk with it. I feel as I were in the flame and it in me. You, you, do you not see how beautiful, how beautiful it is?.....It is a miracle! It is the joy of the eyes and the desire of splendor and destruction....."

Another nice bit of symbolism is found in *The Daughter of Jorio*. Mila, the wanton, who loves the shepherd Aligi, declares that she killed his father, in order to save Aligi, who really committed the crime and is on his way to be tried for the murder. He, be-

lieving her tale of witchery, is overcome with hate, and cursing Mila, cries to his sister, "Yes, for a little while free me, Iona, so that I may lift my hand against her." Then, seeing that the mob is preparing to burn her at the stake, he adds, horrified that the flame should be defiled by a murderess, a prostitute, and a witch, "No, no, burn her not, for fire is beautiful!" But Mila, who has sacrificed her life for the one she loves and who has, through that sacrifice, reached the highest point of the spiritual emotions of love, also cries, as the people of the Abruzzi lead her to her doom, "The flame is beautiful! The flame is beautiful!"

D'Annunzio is a decadent. He is a symbolist, and his symbolism is rather pessimistic, almost harsh. The ultimate end of life and love is annihilation. The pinnacle of it all is reached just before the crash, and when once the pinnacle has been reached the crash must come. On the other hand, the crash cannot come unless the pinnacle has been reached. Love is a destroyer, beauty a means of destruction. Beauty must be loved, and love must be beautiful. Love without destruction is impossible.

D'Annunzio has much experience and a mind of the genius variety to back his theories. They apply to him perfectly, both to his life and to his work. D'Annunzio without the ideas would be as impossible as the ideas without D'Annunzio. They go together, emphasizing and verifying each other. They both exist, and find verity in existence. But whether they shall continue to exist is a question, and one for students to think on, and consider.



# PLAYS IN REVIEW

To talk about *Marco Millions* when everyone is restless to hear about *Strange Interlude* (since it seems impossible to get to see that play, is undoubtedly a breach of good faith; still, it is unlikely that the former will be wholly obscured by the latest star in the O'Neill firmament.

*Marco Millions* is a noble and savage assault upon the grossness and blindness of the materialist. O'Neill traces the sordid progress of Marco, the youngest of the Polo clan, from the formative period of his youth, when some sensitivity to unfleshy things was not unapparent in his nature, to the final massive surrender of himself to conceit, gullttony and eternal stupidity. In other words, we see most of Marco's better traits threshed out entirely, and the other dwarfed into ultimate insignificance, in his pursuit of—well, what? The playwright utilizes every means in his power to show the coarseness of the man; the play is a succession of painful gaucheries. And in the last act there is one final, mad scene—the betrothal feast held on Marco's return to Venice—that ends in a wild cacophony of shouts and ribaldry,—with Marco starting a speech in these words: "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—."

So it may seem a little strange that with all this Marco Million is an enchanting, a moving play. From the brazen Marco and the clinking of gold

pieces you go to the story of Kublai Khan and his daughter, the princess Kukachin, and Kukachin's fatal, inexplicable love for Marco. The scenes that show the ripening of this passion, Marco's blindness to the love of the Princess, and her final fury at his enormous grossness, surely belong to O'Neill's best writing. When the string of the satire has been drawn by time, this story of the trampling to death of beauty should not be forgotten; if you are not moved by this part of the play, you will soon dismiss *Marco Millions* from your mind; if on the other hand you are, the play will have a deep and lasting interest for you.

Margalo Gillmore gives the best performance with her sincere and tender portrayal of the unlucky Kukachin, bringing out clearly the haunting melancholy of the princess and her agonizing but steadfast resignation to fate. Bailol Holloway as Kublai Khan packs power, and he is too expressionless in his speeches. Dudley Digges gives a much better illusion of Cathay placidity, wit, and sagacity as Chu-Yin, counsellor of the Khan. Alfred Lunt brings out Marco's materialism with crude force. Others scarcely stand out. Of course the gorgeous settings and magical lighting effects should be mentioned; the whole production has the coloring of an Oriental pageant. The only objection that I can make is the frequent, tedious waits between scenes,

delays which throw you out of the spirit of the play just when you are well in touch with it.

The revival of *Our Betters*, W. Somerset Maugham's comedy of Anglo-American social relationships, is interesting chiefly because of Ina Claire's interpretation of the one outstanding figure in the play, Lady Pearl Grayston, the American hardware dealer's daughter, who crashes the gates of London society. The theme of the play itself is nothing to get worked up over; none of the people except Lady Graystone are thoroughly interesting—albeit, all the Americans are rather amusing and talk much better than some of the English groups in some of the other "smart" contemporary British comedies. The case of Pearl will probably cause many brows to pucker. Maugham has seen to it that she gets what he evidently believes is her due. The fact that Pearl doesn't win over her sister, Bessie, to her way of looking at matters, although Bessie really isn't a prude, is significant of this. Of course, the thing about Pearl, both charming and vulgar, is her complete confidence in her ability to get away with anything she attempts. To have Arthur Fenwick tell her—"You get there, girlie"—does not altogether displease her. But Pearl's assurance is a little too presumptuous; she makes herself odious to Bessie, who is a little too late out of America to be confounded by a pleasing similarity between glamour and passion. Whether you see Pearl through Bessie's eyes or not doesn't matter; you know Maugham is saying that it's pretty bad when your own sister turns her back on you. The other members of the group of expatriated Americans present other amplifications of the main theme. They certainly don't arouse any more indigna-

tion, unless you think that it is a pity that Americans can't get any place in British society without paying those fearful prices, or better still—that Americans should want to get any place in English society at all.

Whether you feel that the theme of the play is pertinent or whether you think that Maugham's treatment of it is impertinent, you must admire Ina Claire's smooth performance at Lady Grayston. Her acting adds infinitely to the character that Maugham has written. She gets everything out of the dialogue; you can actually tell that her artificially brilliant and mannered speech in the drawing room belongs to her social pose, and that helps you to appreciate more her frank let-downs. Recall the manner in which she flings out the line that closes the second act, "You d—d fool, I told you it was too risky."

With the exception of Constance Collier's rather monotonous portrayal of the ridiculous old boy-crazy Duchess, the rest of the acting is competent enough.

The men, as is proper, all seem quite spineless. Madge Evans as Bessie is a strong enough moral contrast to her sister, and you never doubt that she'll end up in the arms of her American sweetheart.

A far more interesting comedy and one that will cause more excited comment than any to-do about Americans in England is Philip Barry's latest play *Paris Bound*. It is a story of an intelligent young couple who vow that they will make their marriage a success, that is, minimize chances of divorce by a complete tolerance of each other's actions and a complete abnegation of suspicion. The necessary crisis comes when the husband gives the wife a time-honored reason for a divorce—he has an affair two years after



their marriage with one of his wife's bridesmaids. The wife, in spite of her declarations of the first act, becomes quite chary on this point when she discovers her husband's dereliction. A divorce looms up. She will not listen to a magnificent harangue on the relative unimportance of strict physical fidelity in marriage by her husband's father, who has lost a wife for the same cause. Her mind is almost made up when she finds that she is not immune to the appeals of men other than her husband; when she realizes this, she postpones the trip to Paris.

The theme of the play, with the one exception, never steps in overtly. That it could be carried off so lightly is due to the fact that the people involved are a select and unusual group. None of them have any outstanding frailties; on the other hand, none of them have any too apparent stupidities. They are all infected with a sort of serene gaiety. When the wife becomes lachrymose, her friends are frankly callous—the sympathy they extend is really amusing. Their one conviction seems to be that life should be enjoyed intelligently, and not be made miserable by a hard insistence on propriety. But it is just on this point that people will debate. The very notion that physical infidelity would not shatter any sort of an idealistic union, such as the one in *Paris Bound*, will probably come as a rude shock to many people. Those who would even entertain such notions must be depraved, they would say—or, at any rate, this is not a subject to be treated lightly. But there is a wisdom to the play, certainly; it is the frank recognition that the intelligent consideration of emotional life is better than divorces, painful recollections, or futile suppressions.

What makes *Paris Bound* still more unusual is the unique quality of the dialogue to which the characters all add a particular spirit of their own. Each person has his distinct mannerism—his peculiar “humor” if you like. They do not engage in cheap cynicisms and there is not the frail banter of pseudo—smart comedy—the striving for epigram and the machine-turned mot. Their affectations are apropos and astonishing; you are amazed at their cleverness—but you are also amused. Above all, there is an assurance and deftness in the piece—you feel that here is something in American comedy for which explanations and excuses do not have to be offered.

The play *Maya* that had a brief and eventful run in New York lately seems to duplicate its stage history in every country. It maintains a short run before the censors ferret it out; it receives all sorts of free publicity; and shortly after it is withdrawn, the critics set up their wails. For American production *Maya* was translated by Ernest Boyd from the original French play by Simon Gantillon. It is a symbolic play about a common Marseilles prostitute. The exact significance of some of the symbolism was not clear to me, however. For instance, in the last act an East Indian mystic explains that Bella, the lady in question (or No. 17) is identical with the whole illusion man builds around woman. She is Maya—the little golden lady—she is everything to every man. But just why the author should let Bella-Maya get pulled by the police at the end of the act, is a bit of symbolism that someone will have to explain to me. The play seems to me to be an imperfect compromise between good old Russian realism and a tarnished poetic idea that runs through three or four of the scenes.



# JOY-RIDING WITH ANATOLE

BY PROF. C. S. FOX

## DID ANATOLE LIKE THE LADIES? HE DID

He says in the *Garden or Epicurus*: "If I had created man and woman, I should have formed them on a very different type than that which has prevailed and which is that of the higher mammals. I would have made men and women not in the semblance of large-sized apes, such as they are in fact, but in the likeness of insects which, after having lived as caterpillars, would be transformed into butterflies and at the end of their life, would have no other care than to love and be beautiful. I would have put youth at the end of existence. Certain insects, in their ultimate metamorphosis, have wings but no stomach. They are reborn in this purified state but to love an hour and die.

If I were a god, or rather a demiurge, for the Alexandine philosophy teaches us that these minor works of creation are rather the business of some skillful demon, if then I were demiurge or demon, it is the insects that I would have taken as models for men. I should have wished that, like them, man, in the *larva* stage should first accomplish the disgusting tasks whereby he gets his nourishment. In this phase, there would have been no sexes and hunger would not have degraded love. Then I would have so brought it about that in an ultimate transformation, the man and the woman, unfolding their glittering wings, should live upon dewdrops and desire and expire in a kiss. In this way, I should have given them love as the recompense and crown of their mortal existence. And it would have been better so. But I did not create the

world, and the demiurge who had charge of the job did not ask my advice. Between you and me, I doubt whether he ever would have consulted philosophers and men of genius."

The great slogan of Anatole France was *connaître et aimer*. Know and love. He seemed to think that knowledge and love, the greater of which is love. We imagine that he might have said: In the beginning was Love, and Eros, working on the primordial atoms, evolved, from primitive chaos, the Universe, and that the cohesive element of Affinity has kept it going ever since. Truly it is love that makes the world go round. We know he loved Greek literature and everything Greek. We are inclined to wonder, however, whether the story of Daphnis and Chloe wasn't more to his taste than the love of tales of an earlier age. A symbol of love that we meet most often in Anatole's works is that of the Satyr pursuing a nymph. He sees it painted on walls, engraved on jewels and cut in marble. In his study of the occult he gave some time to the mysterious influence of precious stones. One of the literary fruits of this investigation was the story of the *Graven Jewel*. His friend Du Fau had picked up a curious ring in an antique store. The dark violet stone was an amethyst. On the stone was cut the figure of a Satyr, lifting the veil of a nymph asleep, under a laurel, at the foot of a stone pillar. Beneath the stone was traced a cabalistic formula, the four Greek letters KHPH. As long as Du Fau wore the ring he was a slave to the occult attractions of a certain Mrs. Carey

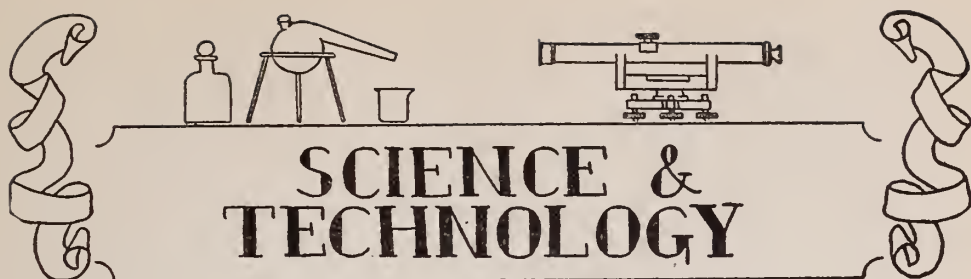
(Mme. Cere). When, by chance, the ring slipped from his finger, as he was riding in a boat, and sank into the sea, he was free from the spell.

In the *Historic Comique* we study the effects of hallucination. As usual, it is the mysterious element of a love story. In this case we are asked to take an interest in the rather promiscuous affinities of the actors and actresses of the Odeon Theatre, and in particular with a passing phase in the life of an aristocratic stage-door Johnny and Mademoiselle Nanteuil, the young woman who plays ingenue parts. Their meeting place is a house in the Neuilly district. There is a detonation downstairs, a dead man on the threshold, and Felicie's former lover lies in the doorway with a bullet in his brain. His wide-open eyes gaze at them with a smile. A thread of blood trickles from his mouth over the flagstones. "I forbid you to belong to another," he had said, as he pulled the trigger. Nanteuil is so horrified at the gray face of her dead ex-lover that a hoary spectre ever afterwards makes impossible the continuation of amatory relations with her present lover. She tries her best to overcome the dreadful hallucination, but however much they try to realize their heart's desire, at the last moment, the frightful face appears, she shrieks and jumps from her lover's arms. She consults Dr. Trublet, who once a month is the official physician at the Odeon, and the particular friend of the actresses almost every evening. He gives advice, words of wisdom and philosophy, in much the same way that Anatole is wont to talk. The subject of hallucinations is the topic of many pages here and there, in the story.

The story of *Mr. Pigeonneau*, is a story of mesmerism; that of *Leslie Wood* a tale of the influence of spiritism. The beautiful children's tale of

*Honey Bee* is a story of gnomes and dwarfs. In the *Reine Pedauque*, we are introduced to the mysteries of occultism. Mr. France explains, in the preface of his novel, that he is only the editor of an old 18th century manuscript, written by Jacques Tournebroche on the life and opinions of his teacher Jerome Coignard. According to the story, Tournebroche and his teacher are employed by a Gascon gentleman to help in literary work. Master and pupil are to translate certain Greek texts, which Astarac, the Gascon gentleman, has collected in great number and brought back from Egypt. The rabbi Mosaide, who lives in the little house at the back of the garden, is to establish the true sense of the Pentateuch. For himself Astarac has reserved the more difficult work of deciphering the hieroglyphs, which the Egyptians inscribed in the temples of the gods and the tombs of the priests. He has brought from Egypt many of these inscriptions, and is sure of his ability to penetrate their hidden sense by means of a key which he has discovered in the writings of Clement of Alexandria. Astrac believes that when Jehovah created man, he gave him knowledge of the invisible as well as of the visible world. This knowledge was not entirely lost by the fall of Adam and Eve. Some of this knowledge, upon which depends the domination of nature, was passed on to their children, even as it is recorded in the book of Enoch. The Egyptian priests preserved the traditions of this knowledge and fixed it in mysterious signs on the temple walls and in the caskets of the dead. Moses, brought up in the sanctuaries of Memphis, was one of their initiates, and in his writings, one may find the most beautiful

(Continued on Page 43)



## The Schrodinger Wave-Mechanics

BY R. W. LAMSON

**A**NOTHER blow has been dealt at the century-long supremacy of Newton's theories of the properties of matter, and particularly, the laws of mechanics. Einstein was the first to attack principles which had gone uncontested for so long that to everyone, scientists as well as laymen, they seemed incontestable. Although controversy still persists in some quarters, the main body of scientific opinion has shifted to Einstein's viewpoint, and it is now generally recognized that the classical Newtonian mechanics, as well as the classical theories of light, are subject to certain important modifications in several cases, notably in astronomy. After Einstein came Bohr, who showed that the laws governing the motions of atomic particles are quite different from the customary laws of motion, while yet not entirely in agreement with Einstein's theories. Thus, the older laws of motion have been attacked on two grounds, astronomical and sub-atomic, both regions where the imagination has difficulty in penetrating, and where the trained mathematician alone is on familiar ground.

Thus, a contradiction was set up, Newton's laws held and they did not hold, and scientists, in this case the physicists, do not like contradictions. It remained for Schrodinger of Zurich to

rescue science from this impasse. This he has done by formulating the laws of mechanics so that they may be applied to the behavior either of the inside of the atom or of objects on the scale of ordinary direct experience. In the latter case, Newton's laws fit the facts beautifully, so well, indeed, that some have come to regard a mechanical explanation of anything as *the* correct and final one. There are mechanists in every field, philosophy, biology, ethics, and art, and to determine the respective merits of their contentions is not within the purpose of this article. They all, however, make attempts to reconcile their theories with the observed facts, and this Schrodinger has done with Newton's theories themselves. He has modified the classical laws in such a way that the modification is negligible where Newton was successful, and in addition extended his new theory to cover the emission of light. Here the old Mechanics broke down completely, although, it must be stated, the new Mechanics has not as yet received unqualified acceptance.

Before 1913 it had been known that the internal goings-on in matter while it is sending out light and heat could not be explained satisfactorily by the laws of classical mechanics, and in fact, violated those laws. In that year Bohr of Copenhagen, deciding apparently that it is no worse to have the contra-



diction explicit than implicit, brought forth a theory of his own, in which he retained such features of Newton as were useful to him, and threw overboard all that were not. Bohr devised a model for the atom which accounted for the various colors, or wave-lengths, of light emitted by each chemical element when in a state of excitation, such as the Bunsen flame, the electric arc or the electric spark. According to this model of a central nucleus surrounded by one or more electrons, the number of such electrons depending on the element. During radiation any one atom is active only a small part of the time, and while it is not radiating the electron moves around the nucleus in a circle or ellipse.

Bohr assumed that the motion of the electrons in their orbits is governed by the rules of classical mechanics. Unfortunately these rules involve two consequences which Bohr does not want. First, an electron moving in such an orbit would radiate energy continuously, hence, the orbit would shrink until the electron hit the nucleus. Second, according to the rules, if an orbit were slightly perturbed the electron would start to move in a different, and nearby orbit. According to Bohr, however, only circles and the corresponding ellipses with radii in the proportion of one, four, nine, sixteen, etc., are admissible as paths for the electrons.

Nevertheless, this model has been signally successful in describing the radiation or spectrum of hydrogen, as astronomy can boast in its ordering of the planetary motions. Yet, the physicists hunted for something better, irritated not by the contradictions, but more probably by the facts which the model did not explain.

As far as they go the old mechanics

and the newer Bohr atom agree with the facts so well that any new theory must have much in common with both before it can have any serious claims to validity. At this point the logical procedure would be to describe how Schrodinger undertakes this task. But in a non-technical exposition it is well to give first a physical picture of the subject under discussion. This, incidentally, is not the way of the physicist, for whom the picture comes last—logically, chronologically, and in the order of importance. Thus, when Schrodinger completes a maze of abstract mathematical computations he returns from his sojourning in the voids of pure theory and notices that one way of visualizing his results is the following: As in the case of the Bohr model the atom is made up of a nucleus of positive electricity, with an equal amount of negative electricity outside. But now this negative charge is distributed in space without the nucleus in a uniform spherical shell, instead of being concentrated almost in a point revolving around the center. When the atom is excited by some outside force, such as a collision or the impact of light, this shell becomes distorted. As the shell returns to shape it radiates. The wave-mechanics computes the size of these shells and the nature of the distortion so that each item in the bewildering confusion of spectral lines, (the lines of iron vapor run into the thousands) finds its corresponding item in the equation. Even the relative intensities of the lines may be computed, a task which Bohr confessed beyond his power.

The wave-mechanics has done the harder of two things. It would be possible to take any set of experimental data and summarize them in some more or less complicated equations, in



other words, fit the findings to the formulae and then hunt for a theoretical justification for the last-named. Schrodinger, however, has not done this. All the constants required by his theory might be taken from other branches of physics. Even if no spectroscopic measurements had ever been made, and the spectroscope is far and away the most powerful tool for exploring the atom, it would still be possible to predict by this theory just what the hydrogen spectrum would be if measured. The data could be taken from measurements of the discharge of electricity through gases and the temperature at which matter gets red-hot. In fact the author of this theory had the outline of his work thought through before any physical applications had been even considered.

An analogy with Optics will give a better idea of the situation than the rough picture of the atom given above, and will at the same time show the origin of the name "wave-mechanics," the applicability of which has so far been taken on faith. If we deal with objects separated by ordinary distances such as a few inches or miles we may consider the path of light between them as a straight line. But if the distances involved are somewhere near as short as the wave-length of light, e. g., the distance between the upper and lower surface of a film of oil on water, we must take the wave structure of light into account. Just as the straight-line or geometrical optics serves as a useful first approximation to the more exact wave-optics, so Schrodinger has regarded the classical mechanics as an approximation to the more exact, or wave-mechanics. The new system agree with the old as far as experiment can decide, when applied to cases where the old is satis-

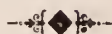
factory, and holds equally well in atomic dimensions, where the old is in hopeless disagreement with the facts.

In another sense, the analogy is reversed,—instead of describing light, in many respects a wave-motion, in terms of matter, it is now possible to describe matter in terms of wave-motions. Newton thought of light as a stream of corpuscles, and we subconsciously agree with that when we speak of throwing a light on a screen. Many facts lead the modern physicist to think of light as moving in bundles,—he uses the phrase "light-darts." The idea may be grasped by imagining a flashlight operated intermittently, sending out a narrow beam which is also limited in the direction of propagation, composed of particles not unlike material projectiles. Here we have a description of light in terms of matter. Schrodinger reverses the order of ideas and describes matter in terms of wave-motions.

The behavior of mechanical systems like a thrown stone, a steam engine, an electron in a vacuum tube, or an atom is, then, to be explained on the basis of the motion of groups of waves. Waves in what? Not in air, certainly. In the ether? Well, the answer to that question is a bald "no." Many physicists would prefer to reply, in the words of the "Two Black Crows,"—"What did you have to bring that up for?" At the present stage of the theory, such a query is a bit inconvenient. But there are waves which don't necessarily involve any medium. For example, the electric constituent of a light wave has first one direction and then the opposite. Business, until very lately, was thought to progress in waves or cycles. In neither case is anything gained by discussion of the medium.

However, the wave-mechanics cannot honestly be assailed on this ground alone. No one says that matter is *in reality* made up of waves, no one knows exactly what matter is. The contention is merely that a large part of everyday and laboratory experience can be summarized, described, classified, predicted and accounted for in terms of waves. Nothing is "explained," in the ordinary sense of the word. Many scientists feel that explanations are out of place in science. They use the word "theory" not at all as synonymous with "hypothesis," or as a guess about reality, but as an ordered scheme for classifying the results of

experiments, suggesting new ones, and predicting their results. Scientists do not ask whether a theory is true or not, or even whether it appeals to common sense, they even do not ask very urgently that it be wholly consistent with itself. All they require is that it furnish a reasonably satisfactory description of the relationships between hitherto unco-ordinated groups of facts. Thus, the Schrodinger wave-mechanics serves as a "League of Nations" between the previously irreconcilable and warring domains of Mechanics and Radiation. Accordingly, we must not expect of it immediate perfection.



## TWICE AS MUCH ALUMINUM

BY PROF. A. BUTTS

THE plan of a large industry to double its production is always of considerable interest to the business and engineering world. But when this expansion takes place, not as a result of an increased demand, but rather to foster and create new demands for the product, then there is abundant room for speculation by many others than the business. The past year has witnessed the actual production of aluminum by the first unit of a plant which, when completed, will have an annual production greater than the combined output of all other aluminum plants throughout the entire world at the present time.

This project, which is being carried out by the Aluminum Co. of Canada, a subsidiary of the Aluminum Company of America, is classed as one of the most important industrial developments ever planned for the Dominion

of Canada. The plant is being built on the Saguenay River at Arvida, in the province of Quebec, where the necessary low-cost electrical energy can be obtained from a hydro-electric power plant. The ore, bauxite, from which the metal is extracted, is brought by steamer from British Guiana. The unit already in operation comprises only about one-tenth of the total plan; further work is under way, but the date of final completion is as yet entirely problematical.

"What is to be done with all this aluminum?" metallurgical engineers are thinking. They realize, of course, that the uses to which the metal can be put are constantly growing in number, and, looking far into the future, they can visualize the time when our descendants will be using aluminum or its alloys for most of the purposes for which steel is now employed. This

change must come sooner or later through necessity, and it may come much sooner through choice, since some of these alloys have the strength of steel without its heaviness. Interest is aroused in what new uses for aluminum will appear first, what present applications will expand most rapidly, and what the scientists of the Aluminum Co. of America will do to hasten the realization of their company's plans.

Aluminum is the newest of our major metals. Its production on a commercial scale began in 1881, and increased steadily until in annual output it passed nickel in 1912, and in 1917. The late Joseph W. Richards, head of the Department of Metallurgy at Lehigh until his death in 1921, regarded for many years as the world's leading authority on aluminum, predicted that by 1940 it would surpass lead and zinc in its production, coming next to copper and iron in the list of metals.

At present about half of the metal produced is used in the form of alloys made by mixing the aluminum with various amounts of other metals. Duralumin, for instance, which is used extensively for aeroplanes, is a mixture of about 92% aluminum, 6% of copper, and 2% of other metals. Although aluminum began its career as a rival of copper for electric-transmission lines, and although it has become best known to the public in the form of kitchen ware, the major portion of the total output, more than half, is taken by the automobile industry. Many car bodies are made of sheet aluminum, and in the form of its alloys it is used by many manufacturers for engine castings, cylinders, pistons and other parts. It is said that if American automobile manufacturers had used as much alum-

inum per car as did European makers last year, the entire world output of the metal would have been required for automobiles alone. Such a demand might soon become a fact if the price of aluminum could be reduced to its 1913 level. The present price is now one-third higher than this.

The growing aircraft industry desires these light aluminum alloys for structural materials even more than do the automobile producers, and the all-metal plane, consisting of more than 90% aluminum, is now an accomplished fact, which bids fair to become standard design.

The metal has also been employed recently for certain parts in the construction of railway cars, while some all-aluminum street cars are being experimented with in Cleveland. Aluminum is even being used for furniture, an innovation that is being well received. The Pullman Company, for example, is using such furniture in its newest dining cars.

An interesting and rapidly increasing use of pure aluminum is its application in powdered form as paint. Here its superior resistance to corrosion, which is of importance in many of the uses already mentioned, again comes into play, but the chief reason for its success as a paint is its low heat emissivity, which means that a surface painted with it will radiate heat at a much lower rate than most materials, e. g. dull colored or rusty iron and steel, and will likewise absorb less heat that falls upon it, as from the rays of the sun. Thus, aluminum paint applied to a hot furnace reduces the loss of heat from it by radiation, and applied to oil tanks reduces evaporation losses by keeping the temperature low. Oil tanks and tank cars glistening with  
(Continued on Page 49)



## HORACE MODERNIZED

### "QUID FLES, ASTERIE"

1. The Absent Lover, to his Asterie:

They tell me that you weep, my dear,  
I'm glad to hear 'tis so;  
For otherwise I'd fall, I fear—  
My hostess wants a beau.

2. Horace to Asterie:

Fear not that he unfatihful is—  
He's simply had tough weather;  
For though a wench says she'll be his,  
He's yours—will be forever.

3. The Handsome Neighbor to Asterie:

He's far away with some girl,  
With him you do not rate;  
You've put me in an awful whirl,  
Come on! How 'bout a date?

4. Asterie:

Friend Horace tells me that you're true,  
My neighbor claims you're not.  
I must confess I'm awfully blue,  
I do like him a lot.

He's very nice! He has lovely hair!  
His arms are made of steel!  
If you don't come straight home from there,  
Those arms of his I'll feel.

Each morn, each noon, and every night,  
My neighbor pleads with me.  
He says, "please dear, put out the light,  
"Let me your lover be."

Come back my love, come back to me!  
So many things they say;  
If you still want your Astérie,  
Start back this very day!

W. L. GOUDY.



# ON THE DECLINE OF ROMANCE

BY QUESTOR

IT is fashionable nowadays to do one of two things, either behave in such a manner that one's actions are viewed with alarm, or else do the viewing yourself. The more original, and perhaps the easier, is the latter; in fact, it seems expected of one. "What do you think of this and that?" is often propounded, and the answer is always ready, "Well, for my part, I believe that is to be viewed with alarm, because ——."

Therefore, since I must deplore something, I choose to deplore the decline of romance. Despite the glowing and effulgent rhapsodies of those who write travel ads and prospectuses, that fundamental quality of man's existence, Romance, is undeniably lacking, not only in the big things of life, but in the minutiae which go to make up our daily existence. For instance, scan the advertisements of any magazine. I recall one in particular that extolled the virtues of a new kind of glass for use in homes, etc. Such are the properties of this material that all the ultraviolet rays excluded by ordinary glass come through to us, and these rays promote health, efficiency, and vigor, perhaps even patriotism and godliness. But is this the result of years of patient experimenting by an obscure genius starving in his meagerly equipped laboratory? On the contrary, it was developed in a laboratory equipped with the finest of modern equipment, by trained scientists, having definitely in view that which they wished to produce. I ask you, is there any romance in an ad like that?

Come nearer home. An enterprising

restaurant scorns to advertise home cooking, it makes the boast, "Our eggs are strictly fresh and cooked by electricity." No personal touch here at all; again the calm precise tone of the scientist, which people seem to care for now.

No longer are our vehicles propelled by the transcendent oat. That product, coming from the broad fields of grain which every passing breeze turned into a golden ocean, has now been supplanted by a series of saturated hydrocarbons, exhumed from the bowels of the earth. Romance,—Faugh!

No longer do we enjoy the gift of Dionysos, the cup that cheers. It is now the cup that queers, and it is filled, if we are lucky, not with the essence of the vine, but with 100% C. P. ethyl alcohol, containing a trace of aniline dye for color, and totally lacking in bouquet? Instead of sturdy peasants treading winepresses, there is the business-like bootlegger, with his still, guaranteed to effect approximate separation of the poisonous liquor from the good, and no less thorough separation of the fool and his money. Yes, Dionysos and his cup bearers have vanished into the past.

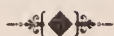
But there is no necessity for delving into antiquity for examples. They are to be found on the campus. Three years ago the library was an harmonious thing of beauty, sturdy and compact, yet with a certain Italian grace, and clad appropriately in red and green ivy. Around its twin towers blew the free winds of Heaven, and the ivy leaves were rid of their load of dust by the gentle rain. Now, to obtain quantita-

tive data on these blessings of nature, the powers that be have seen fit to place a three-legged monstrosity on one of the towers, so that every passing breeze, every drop of rain, and every ray of sunlight is caught, labelled and bottled for future scientific dissection. "O Science, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

If the scientists were content to stop at inanimate nature that would be well enough, but they must needs go probing into the holiest secrets of human existence. All our acts are probed and tested, anger is measured in so many cubic centimeters extra of glandular secretion, and even the higher emotions—well, when they start measuring the rise in the number of heart beats per minute produced by one kiss, (conditions not specified), I personally

think it time to call a halt. Certainly, scientists can't be interested subjectively in an osculation, if they were, they wouldn't be scientists, and objectively, the thing has no significance whatsoever. So why must they seek to put that down in black and white, and plot curves showing the effect of emotional stress on the cardio-vascular system? Certainly, Romance has here reached its lowest ebb.

However, the ultimate proof that Romance is really on the wane is contained in this paper. Why should anyone under thirty, of sound health and in full possession of his faculties, sit down and write cold-bloodedly on a topic such as this. If he had any Romance in his soul, he would be out looking for it with all five senses.



## ODE 101 CATULLUS

BY R. I. B.

Brother, was it for this that I have come  
From far off lands and over raging seas:  
To hear the throbbing of your funeral drum,  
And clasp two hands as cold and dead as these?  
Have I but come to sing unheard the song  
That now I sing, to music drear and slow,  
As followed by a madly mourning throng  
Unwilling toward the waiting gate you go?

In vain I call, in vain I try to wake  
Some echo of the songs you used to sing—  
And sacrifices to the gods but make  
More futile yet the offerings I bring.

Too late I've come, and you shall never know  
The hopelessness that unshed tears can show.

*Anonymous.*

## JOY-RIDING WITH ANATOLE

*(Continued from Page 34)*

secrets, provided he disdain the literal and seek only the subtle sense. These truths, guarded in the temples of Egypt passed to the sages of Alexandria, by whom they were still further enriched and crowned with all the pure gold bequeathed to Greece by Pythagoras and his disciples, with whom the powers of the air familiarly conversed. Therefore this Gascon gentleman had no doubt that, with the aid of these three sources of light; the Egyptian, Hebraic, and the Greek, he would soon succeed in absolutely commanding nature both visible and invisible. For him Sirius, Altair, Regulus, Aldebaran and all the other suns are something more than mere luminaries. They are the homes of powerful beings. Fire is the element par excellence. While the creatures formed of earth do not go beyond a certain degree of perfection, the beings formed of fire enjoy a wisdom and intelligence, the extent of which it is impossible for us to conceive. The Air is an element which, only yields in nobleness to Fire. The Clouds, the Zephyrs, those moving isles of purple, white and gold, which move above our heads, are the abiding place of most adorable creatures. Sylphs and Salamanders they are called, these infinitely lovable and beautiful beings. It is possible for us to form with them unions, the delights of which it is beyond our power to imagine. They give themselves to philosophers. Descartes always carried one around with him in a beautiful box. When Tournebroke asks how it is possible to put one's self in communication with these aerial beings, Astarac explains that nothing is easier. "All that is needed is a crystal sphere, the use of

which, I will explain to you. I have a large number at the house, and I will soon give you, in my cabinet, the necessary instructions."

When Tournebroke was left alone in the room with the crystal sphere, whose exhalations gently lulled his senses, he was not long in seeing before him a marvelous creature, and he experienced all the delights which Astarac had promised him. He needed no supernatural explanation however to account for the salamanders of the cabalist philosopher. He feared that Jahel, the beautiful niece of old Mosaide, was also the material basis of his employer's occult experiences and he was jealous.

The abbe Coignard is supposed to represent, to some extent, the philosophical whims of Anatole France. "My son, said he, you must remember that a good understanding repels everything that is contrary to reason, except in the matter of faith, where it is proper to believe blindly." And yet this position is qualified by an astonishing liberality. "Human laws," continued the abbe, "which are upheld by the meance of punishment, may be eluded by ruse and dissimulation. It is not so with divine laws. They are indefeasible, unavoidable and stable. Their absurdity is only apparent and hides an inconceivable wisdom. If they offend our reason, it is because they are superior to it and because they are in accord with the true ends of man. It is proper to observe them when one has the good fortune to know them. Nevertheless, I make no difficulty in avowing that the observation of these laws, contained in the Decalogue and the commandments of the church, is difficult, and even impossible without grace. That is why we are all miserable sinners. And therein is where we



most admire the economy of the christian religion, which founds salvation principally upon repentance. It is to be observed, my son, that the greatest saints are penitents, and as repentance is in proportion to sin, it is in the greatest sinner that one finds the making of the greatest saints. I could illustrate this doctrine by a large number of admirable examples. But I have said enough to make you feel that the raw material of holiness is concupiscence, incontinence and all the impurities of the flesh and spirit.

We are not surprised to find an abbe, of such ideas fleeing with his pupil from the consequences of a drunken brawl. One or two heads broken by a bottle, in the hands of the priest, the too free use of a sword in the hand of Anguetil, their friend; all this determined the three to escape from the town and to seek a hiding place in the country. Together with Jahel, who is persuaded to elope with them, they take a carriage for Lyons. They had not gone half the way, when the Abbe, who was a bit negligent, uttered the fatal word that brought on the calamity. Astarac in his teachings had initiated the master and his pupil into the secrets of the Sylphs, as well as of the Salamanders. They learned the secret word which, when uttered properly, would materialize a Sylph, but were warned of direst consequences if this word were mentioned in the presence of the uninitiated. No sooner had the Abbe said—! There I almost wrote it. I just caught myself in time. No sooner had Coignard said the fatal word than off goes one of the wheels and the whole party is in the ditch. In the darkness the Abbe receives the knife thrust from which he shortly afterward dies. Mosaide had followed the party on the trail of his niece Jahel.

(Whatever you may think of Salamanders, be circumspect in your dealing with Sylphs).

In the peculiar philosophy of Coignard, we see the doctrine that sin is the greatest educator. Without evil there would be no good. The man who wrote of Pilate, also wrote of Judas Iscariot as one who should not be entirely outcast, since he was one of the necessary links in the chain of events that made Redemption possible. Having gone thus far, it is but a step further to suggest that the Serpent was the great benefactor of the human race, since through his instrumentality, knowledge was given to man. We are not surprised to have the man who wrote *Pedauque* also write the *Revolt des Anges*, in which the whole subject of demonology is studied. We have seen him rehabilitate the fairies, whom the medieval church has banished, as demons. Now he goes further and makes fallen angels of all the Greek gods as well as of the gods of other lands. It is the fallen angels who looked with pity on Ildabaoth's puny men and taught them the use of fire and tools and agriculture. Very likely, following the same thought Orville Wright and his brother were a pair of good little devils, when they invented the aeroplane. The most interesting character in the book is the immense private library of the Esparvieu family, where Maurice's guardian angel studied the gnostics, the patristic writers, the Talmud and the other Hebrew sources, until he became skeptical as to the reality of Ildabaoth's might and decided to organize a revolt among the angels against the authority of the Most High. Maurice, the son of the house of Esparvieu, although a good catholic, was a gay young fellow and spent his life in dissipation. Ar-

cade, for such was the guardian angel's name, had so much time on his hands that he improved it in the library. When he finally makes up his mind to revolt, he realizes that he must hand in his resignation as guardian angel. So he hunts up young Esparvieu, at the little flat in the Rue de Rome, where Maurice generally meets Madame des Aubels. Not being descended from Adam, and therefore not barred by doors, the angel suddenly appears in the room. The lady shrieks with fright, but is quieted, when she learns that it is only her lover's guardian angel and while Maurice goes out to buy him a suit of clothes, the lady asks Arcade to help her button up her dress in the back. Maurice, who had never cared for his guardian angel, is now aghast at the idea of losing him. But Arcade is firm in his resolution and, after explaining the necessity for the step, goes away, leaving his unprotected friend in sorrow.

Possibly I may see a symbolism where none was meant. Can we not say that Faith is our guardian angel. Maurice's inherited code is not strong enough to deter him from the gross crudities of youthful pleasures. At the same time, the development of his intellectual life attacks the foundations of his traditional creed and he wakes up in the midst of a life of careless pleasure to find that his faith is slipping away. He has never realized what his faith meant to him until he has lost it. He is not the first young man to mourn his loss of faith and strive to regain it. Maurice hunts everywhere for his guardian angel and finally finds him in the company of other revolted angels of anarchistic tendencies. He brings him home and tries to convert him. It is impossible, he gives up, and together with Arcade he is mixed up in the revolt. Believ-

ing the hour at hand, the rebellious ones go to ask Satan to lead them. But Satan has had a dream, in which he sees the result of victory over Ildabaoth as simply an exchange of roles, which would be detrimental to his own character. "No, my companions, let us not conquer heaven. God, conquered, would become Satan. Satan, conquerer, would become God. May the Fates spare me such a frightful lot! I love Hell, which has formed my character, I love the earth, where I have done some good. Thanks to us, this old God is dispossessed of his terrestrial empire. All thinking persons on this globe either disdain him or ignore him. But of what importance is it, that men be no longer submissive to Ildabaoth, if the spirit of Ildabaoth be still in them, if like him, they are jealous, violent, quarrelsome and greedy, the enemies of art and beauty? What matter that they have rejected the ferocious Demiurge, if they no longer give ear to the friendly demons who teach all truths; Dionysus, Apollo and the Muses? As for us celestial spirits, we have destroyed Ildabaoth, if we have destroyed ourselves, Ignorance and Fear."

A photographer might print from a positive plate and get a negative picture, which light would be represented by darkness and darkness be represented by light. Anatole France, by a similar inversion of values, gets a negative picture in which the Prince of Darkness becomes the source of light. He seems to go even further and intimate that darkness is the cause of light.

We enjoy the warmth of a cozy room, when the wintry blasts are raging out of doors. It is true that had it not been for the cold we would not have built the fire, but the cold is not the cause of the heat. And so we might

tell Coignard that *Sin* is not the cause of *Salvation*; that *Evil* is not the cause of Good and that Ugliness is not the cause of Beauty.

I have come to the end of my little trip. I haven't wished to make a critical analysis of Anatole France but have simply tried to give an impression of what I felt as I glanced through his books, and that only of the three points of which I spoke when I began: philosophy, love and religion, or irreligion, if you like. I am pleased to imagine that we do not altogether give Mr. France justice for what he thought and believed. His ideas and his creed were probably a development and were changing throughout his life, perhaps from year to year, or even from day to day. He arrived at his conclusions by the process of elimination. It is his eliminations that he gives us in his books. Naturally they are negative. Did he need all those mighty tomes of gnostic and Hebraic lore to dehorn the devil and cure his cloven hoof? Even his Eros is an intellectual concept. Little Pete was an affectionate child. When his godmother put out her hands, he rushed into her arms. He knew the pretty lady was a fairy. In his early youth he was a most diffident and bashful fellow. The lady who had just finished playing the piano, asked him if he liked music. He grew hot and cold, blushed and stammered: "Oui, monsieur." As a man I doubt if he was much different than most men of the class to which he belonged. In a Rabelasian way, he was always outspoken. This habit grew on him with age and in the last few years of his life he was about as modestly reticent as a Monday's wash-line. I have heard him called a "horse headed" faun, and that he was,—in his fantasies. He was a regular Don Juan of Sylphs and Sal-

amanders in his literary imagination. Sometime I should like to study him as a critic. He wrote four volumes of literary criticism in the *Vie litteraire* as well as the volume entitled *Genie Latin*. I should like to study him as a historian and in that case I should not confine myself alone to the two large volumes on *Jeanne d'Arc*. A lengthy paper might be devoted to Anatole France as a socialist and political fighter, particularly in the matter of the Dreyfus case. The four volumes *Le Mannequin d'osier*, *L'Orme du mail*, *L'Anneau d'amethyste*, and *Monsieur Bergeret a'Paris* might be called campaign documents as well as several others, among which might be mentioned *Crainquebille*, a tale in which he ridicules the psychology of the judge on the bench. Now he fights the church and again the army and then he unites his strength against all three, the robe, the cassock, and the sword. He believed in the universal brotherhood of man. He wished to abolish war and obliterate as far as possible the boundary lines between countries. But, when the great war broke out. Abonben Anatole awoke from his sweet dream of peace, and although his name had honorable mention in the list of those who love their fellow men, he was no defeatist. He was a true Frenchman and lent his pen to the cause of his country.

Every play eventually comes to an end. On October 12, 1924, the curtain went down on the last scene for Anatole France. The lights in the theatre were turned out. The question remained unanswered. What is Truth?

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ED. NOTE: This is the last of a series of articles on Anatole France by C. S. For, Head of the Dept. of Romance Languages.



# Tom Bass

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6 or 9	12c	15c	17c	18c
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The particular apparel  
requirements of the College  
Man is our constant guide  
in the selection of  
Clothes for Young Men.

## TWICE AS MUCH ALUMINUM

(Continued from Page 39)

aluminum paint have recently become a common sight.

Professor Richards advocated the use of aluminum in accordance with this principle and actually applied it successfully to industrial furnaces years before its recognition as standard practice. Some of his earlier proposals in this direction were almost laughed at, but it is now known that a saving of power or a higher furnace temperature with the same power can be achieved by this simple expedient.

The most recent development in the use of aluminum which bids fair to become important is the making of a material called "Alclad," which consists of a core of strong aluminum alloy merging into and alloyed with a surface coating of pure aluminum. The advantage of this material is that it combines the strength of aluminum alloys with the corrosion-resistant properties of the pure metal. This development, perhaps the most significant of the past year, is due to the Aluminum Company of America.

If this is the age of steel, then it will not be rash prophecy to say that the next era will be the age of aluminum. The fulfillment of this prophecy will depend solely upon the production cost of the metal, and this, in turn, will depend upon the advances in metallurgical technology throughout the world.



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## THE ACTIVITIES FEE

(Continued From Page 22)

deem worthy of their own dollars and cents.

Finally we have a bit of expert opinion. Dr. Neil Carothers, when interviewed, gave out the following statement. "I believe that it is always questionable principle to compel students to contribute funds to an activity not a part of the students' curriculum. That in rare instances it seems to be necessary to sacrifice this principle in the interest of some activity, such as inter-collegiate athletics, which must have a regular and fixed financial support. In any case where the principle is sacrificed, the activity must be of unquestioned merit, and must be approved by a *very large majority* of the student body."

In consideration of all these facts, therefore, it is but reasonable to demand a referendum on the question at the next college lecture. The ballot could easily be taken on the attendance slips, with scant trouble to anyone, and such a device would settle the question for the present student body.

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